AN

ODE.

Inſcrib'd to his Excellency

The EARL of

WHARTON:

Lord Lieutenant

OF

IRELAND.

By *PHIL. HORNECK*, L. L. B.

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AN ODE.

To his Excellency The Earl of *Wharton*, &c.

I.

MAY ſprightly *VENUS* with her watchful Eye;
May the Twin-Brothers of the Sky,
With all the Splendid Train of Night,
Drawn out in full Array of Light,
Conduct the Britiſh Worthy on his Way,
And with their Friendly Lamps Outrival Day.

May the Winds Ruler too confine
All his tumultuous Breath :
The Ruder Blasts be still as Death,
Or spend their Rage upon the *Gallick* Coast :
There the Wreck of Thousands boast
In a Rich Deluge of their Oyl and Wine.
Only play an easy Gale
Enough to fill the Sail.
May it be *NEPTUNE's* chiefest care
To have his Watry Bed
With Thousand diff'rent Pleasures spread.
Let *Sirens* entertain his Ear
And sportive Dolphins on the Surface glide ;
Waving their guilded Streamers on each side.
Whilst flying Fish, by them pursu'd

Their proper Element forſake,
And frighted to the Neighb'ring Veſſel make,
A Refuge fatal as the Flood.
In gentle Curls let *OCEAN* flow
To give his poliſh'd Face
A more becoming Grace,
And add freſh Beauties to the gawdy ſhow.

2.

Great is the charge *O Ship* depos'd with thee;
Vaſt Treaſures in thy *Bottom* lye,
So rich a *Pledge* demands thy Care;
With thee each honeſt *Britain* ſends a Prayer:
Not *Africk*'s ſhining Ore,
Or the Remoter *Indies* Store,
Equal the *Cargo* that *You* bear.

Such neceſſary *Worth* could not be ſpar'd,
If the Illuſtrious *GODO*'s Eye,
Diſus'd to ſlumbers was not on the Guard,
To ſee the Wheel of *State* revolve with Harmony.
Borrow from *Argus* all his Eyes
To watch the doubtful Skies;
Survey each Orb and mark the *Signs*:
And even *Phœbus*, when he watriſh ſhines,
Let moiſt *Orion* ceaſe his Rage,
No Om'nous Storms preſage:
No Thunder ſhake the Air,
Or Nitrous Arrows fly,
With pointed deſtiny.
Let no malignant Star
His bearded Fires ſhow,

Or with impending danger glow.
Nor weeping *Hyads* melt into a Flood.
No ſmall ill boding Cloud
Spread *Heaven*'s Face whilſt he's at reſt,
Surprize the Bark, and diſcompoſe the Noble Gueſt.

3.

Happy *Ierne*, thy *propitious* Stars,
Awake our Jealouſies and Fears,
Leaſt *ANNA* ſhould be partial in her *Love*.
See how that diſtant *Clime* her Thoughts employs,
How to improve their Joys,
And make them Happy, as her *Albion* prove;
The chiefeſt Bleſſings of our Iſle *You* ſhare,
How ſhe diſrobes the *State*
Of what is Excellent and Great,
To ſhow *You* Hers, as She is *Heaven*'s care.

No ſooner *ORMOND* quits his gentle Rule,
But *ANNA* careful to repair that Loſs,
Fav'ring the ſacred impulſe of her Soul,
Strait the ſagac'ous *PEMBROKE* choſe,
And wings him to th' important *Charge*,
Great as his Worth! and as his Genius large!
He found the Land O'reſpread
With complicated Ills,
A Long and Lazy Train,
Nurs'd by an indulgent Reign
Of vit'ous Humours, hourly prey'd
Upon the *Vitals*, and increas'd the Spoils.
The fine Complexion of the State
Was ſoil'd, and loudly ſpoke th' approaching Fate:

He

He ſoon with wondrous skill allay'd
The dreadful Symptoms, which appear'd;
The *Body* gently then prepar'd
For vig'rous Health. ——

4.

But the great *Work*'s reſerv'd for *You*;
Thy *Skill* the Good *applaud*, the Bad *allow*;
GOD's, *ANNA*'s, and the *People*'s Voice,
Concur in this diſtinguiſh'd *Choice*,
Henceforth a balmy Spring of Health,
With Tides of circulating Wealth
Will ſwell the waſted *Channels* of that Realm,
He brings the Olive in his Hand
To crown your Days with Peace,
Your Nights with Eaſe;

And the reſiſtleſs Shield
To fright th' *Invader* from the Field.
No Terrors can affect that Land
Whilſt he ſits *Guardian*, and directs the *Helm*.
His Prudence will defeat
Dangers which others meet
With hardy Toil, and vaſt Expence.
Where Victory is ſcarce a recompence.
No *Plots* can hope to thrive:
He at a diſtance ſprings the Mine
Of a deep laid Deſign,
His *Knowledge* is almoſt *intuitive*.
That *Iſle* thus guarded and thus bleſt
Will rear its's fickly Head,
Of ev'ry *Good* poſſeſt.

By *Noble WHARTON*'s Preſence chear'd,
The Nox'ous Vapours will be ſcar'd,
And from the dread of a *Relapſe* be freed.
As at th' approaching Sun
The dusky Atoms ſcud away;
Whilſt the *Gleam* ſtrengthens to a glorious Day:
And kindly Heat's diffus'd till his long Courſe is run

5.

The Fatal Minute now is driving on;
We muſt our *Privilege* reſign,
Our *Arts* and *Science* to the *Weſt* decline,
Which we have held ſo long,
And in a barren Corner ſhine.
Perſwaſive Rhet'rick's on the Wing,
In *WHARTON*'s Manly ſenſe,
We view the Naked Charms of *Eloquence*.

Our *British Orpheus* fills his Train;
The Muſes follow their beloved *Swain*,
And gentle *Graces* crown the Ring.
ſtructed by his pow'rful Tongue,
Hibernia to Politeneſs ſoon will riſe,
And from their Neighbours bear the Prize,
When our *Palladium*'s gone.
is Voice will do as much,
As *MOSES* by his God-like touch,
When thirſty *Iſrael* ſaw
Th' Obdurate Rock obey his Law,
And weep a plenteous Stream,
here Moiſture never flow'd but in a Dream.
by's matchleſs Strains he'll raiſe
The drowſy Genius of that Iſle,
With Arts ſo cultivate that Soil,

Unfam'd

Unfam'd as yet,
For the bright touches of a Southern Wit
To reaſon ſtrongly and to ſpeak with moving Grace

6.

Britannia's Conflicts for the Loſs appear,
Her faithful Sons prepare
Th' united *Patrons* of each Iſle t' implore
To guide him ſafely there,
And the dear Pledge reſtore.
We take our Farewel with a Lover's pain,
When thoughts of parting but enrage
The Pangs, which by that ſhort liv'd Bliſs,
Or haſty momentary Kiſs,
We raſhly think t' aſſwage
But higher ſwell the throbbing Vein.

We view thee going with a Lover's Eye,
And as we view the Surge beats high;
The forward Grief
By venting ſeeks relief,
And bubling Streams foretell the Tempeſt nigh.
At thy return, a chearful Sacrifice
Dreſt out with Natures fruitful Hand,
Shall bid thee welcome to th' expecting Land,
Deep ſtain'd with purple Juyce,
My humble Lares then ſhall feaſt,
That Day is thine,
Sacred to Mirth and Wine,
And ev'ry Swain enjoy Luxurious Reſt.

F I N I S.